All went well until the last line. Then he came to a stop.

Nothing would make him say sheep !

With a. face beaming \vith anxiety to please, looking adorable, he would offer any word but the right one.

" And the hills are all covered with "

" With what, Teddy ?"

" Master Teddy don't know."

" Something white, Teddy."

" Snow ? "

" No, no—does snow rhyme with * sleep * ?'

" Paper ? "

" No, no. Now, I am not going to the theatre until you say the right word. What are the hills covered with ? "

" People/*

" Teddy, you're a very naughty boy/*

At this point he was put in the corner. His first sugges-tion when he came out was :

" Grass ? Trees ? "

" Are grass or trees white ? " said the despairing mother with her eye on the clock, which warned her that, after all, she would have to go to the theatre without winning.

Meanwhile, Edy was murmuring: " *Sheep,* Teddy," in a loud aside, but Teddy would *not* say it, not even when both he and I burst into tears !

At Hampton Court the two children, dressed in blue and white check pinafores, their hair closely cropped—the little bay fat and fair (at this time he bore a remarkable resem-blance to Laurence's portrait of the youthful King of Rome), the little girl thin and dark—ran as wild as though the desert had been their playground instead of the gardens of thus old palace of kings ! TTiey were always ready to show-visitors (not so numerous then as now) the sights ; prattled freely to them of *' my mamma," who was

acting in London,